



FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



CHEWING GUM

JAMIE's Grandpa had a big pocket in his coat that always had something good in it. Jamie called it "The Treasure pocket," and the first thing he did when Grandpa came was to search for the hidden treasure. Sometimes he would find candy or peanuts, or maybe a new knife or a box of crayons.

One day when Grandpa came to see him, Jamie ran his hand down deep into the treasure pocket and found a neat little package wrapped in shining foil.

"Oh, what is it?" he cried as he held it up.

Jamie was not very old, or he would have known at once that it was a package of chewing gum that Grandpa had bought him.

"Oh, gosh!" he shouted when Grandpa told him what it was. "Mother never would let me chew

that stuff. That is called the dry season."

"Yes, yes, I understand, Grandpa."

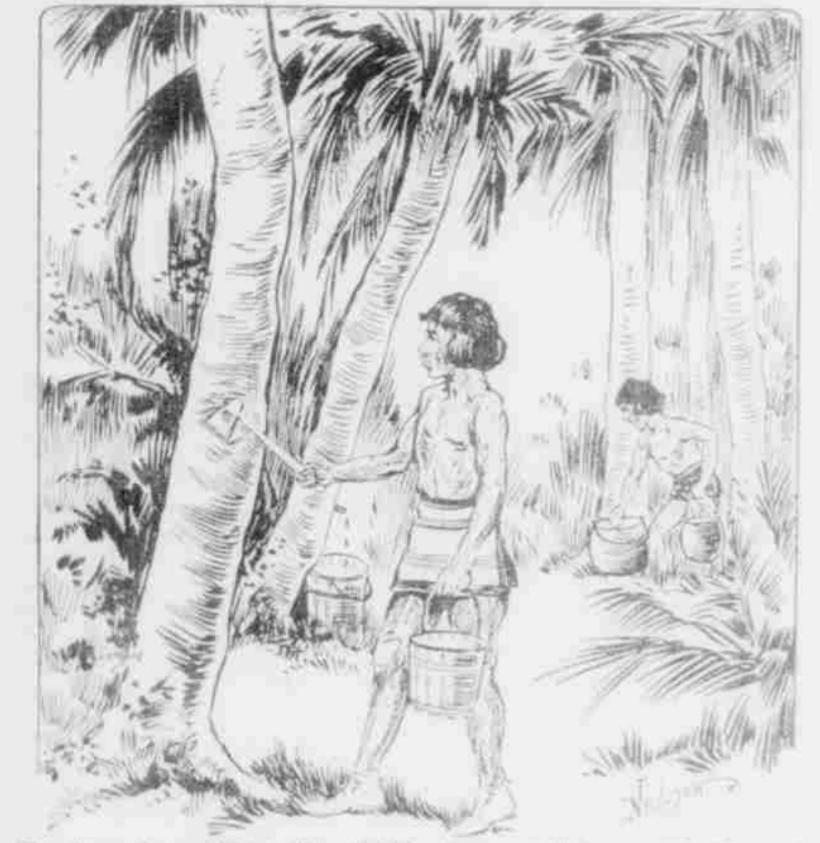
Then Grandpa went on. "As I said, the trees are tapped in the rainy season. The sap that comes out looks like milk, but very soon it turns yellow. After it has been in the air for awhile, and gets thicker."

"And sticky," Jamie imitated.

"Yes. Then the sap is boiled and heated until it gets over so much sugar and a light gray color. This stuff is raw chewing gum—the sap of the Sapodilla tree (and some other trees whose names are too long for me to remember). Chicle."

"But Grandpa, how does it get so sweet and flavor?" Jamie asked.

"Well, the shrub is cleaned some more and a good deal of the water evaporated out of it. Then it is sent to the factories, to be made into maple or peppermint chewing gum."



The Tree From Which The Chicle Comes, Called Sapodilla Tree. Are Tapped During The Rainy Season.

them, but I know she will know. Won't you Mother dear?"

"Yes, Jamie, my mother answered. You may raise it now, for you are old enough to swallow it, and it can't possibly hurt you if you just chew it. The pepin in it is good for your stomach."

So Jamie took one of the sticks of gum and put it into his mouth and began to chew it. My, how he did enjoy it!

"What makes it good?" he asked his Grandpa.

"The sugar and the pepin in it, I suppose," Grandpa answered.

"Well, what is chewing gum, anyway?" the little boy asked after a while.

Grandpa laughed. "I thought you would want to know that," he said.

"So I found out all about it before I came. What a boy for asking questions!" he added, pulling Jamie's ears, playfully. "But you just keep on asking them, Jamie, and if you remember all that is told to you, you'll know something by the time you are a man. And maybe the rest of us will, too."

"Ugh-huh!" mumbled Jamie, chewing his gum. "But please tell me what chewing gum is made out of, Grandpa."

"Well, when I was a little boy, we used to chew a gum that comes from the cat-braches of the spruce tree and sometimes the waxy gum that comes out of peach trees. But that gum was not sweet like your chewing gum. We thought it was fine, though. You see, I lived in the country, and I could not run to the store for everything I wanted. Anyway I didn't have many pennies to spend."

"Nowadays, there are lots of big factories making chewing gum, and it is made of something called chicle."

"What a funny name!" Jamie laughed. "Chicle! Where do they get chicle?" The picture is spoiled. Who ever heard of an outrider to a queen?

"For the Queen out for her ride! And it's for the horses and the outrider in front. It's a royal occasion and a noble equipping."

Show how the peasants by the roadside bow to their Queen and say how the fiery steeds prance and show off through well aware who is driving them. Notice, also, the outrider, a desperate dashing fellow who sits his charge like a soldier and looks nerve and brave as he—sucks on his all-day-sucker."

"There! The picture is spoiled. Who

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"Chicle comes from a tree that grows in very hot countries—Mexico and South America and Central America, which are all far away in the Southland," Grandpa explained.

"I have heard that a long time ago, before Columbus discovered this wonderful country of ours, that the Indians used to chew chicle to quench their thirst."

"Didn't the Indians do lots of things that we do now?" Jamie asked. "Don't you remember they made Maple syrup, and salt, and pounded grain to make flour?"

"You do remember something of what we have been telling you, don't you, my boy?" Yes, we have learned many useful things from the Indians, Jamie," Grandpa replied, as he patted Jamie's head.

"The trees from which the chicle comes, called Sapodilla trees, are tapped, and the sap taken from them in much the same way that maple trees are tapped for the sap that makes maple syrup. The Sapodilla trees are tapped during the rainy season."

"What is the rainy season?" Jamie asked.

"In very hot countries, it does not rain like it does here, every few days or every week. In those countries, all the rain comes at once, and it rains and rains for many days. That is called the rainy season. Then it stops raining and for many days not a drop of rain falls, and everything

turns brown and dry again."

"Round And Round The Garden Went The Gay Equipage."

Round And Round The Garden Went The Gay Equipage.

as awful mean old thing!"

Bettie sighed. And then she sighed all over again.

"Mary says Miss Hedges is loves school," she suggested. "If she was a little girl like she wouldn't."

"I don't see why we have got to go to school at all," said Bettie, in sympathetic tones. "Wouldn't it be nice if we didn't have to? But I guess that just means old Miss Hedges would say nothing."

"Ding-dong! Ding-dong! sounded the school bell and both little girls ran as fast as their little legs would carry them—to keep from being late on the first morning of school. For that would never do!

By after all, you can readily see that Bettie and Besse didn't really hate school quite as much as they pretended to—there is for you know, in running home a good report card month and having Papa and Mama and Teacher like you, isn't there?"

The Best Plan

I DO not really like to spell. Or learn my reading lesson well, But I will do them every day Because I'd be ashamed to say, I didn't know them.

I'D like to idle in the yard And never study very hard; But if I did it as a rule I'd be the sluggard at the school. And very stupid.

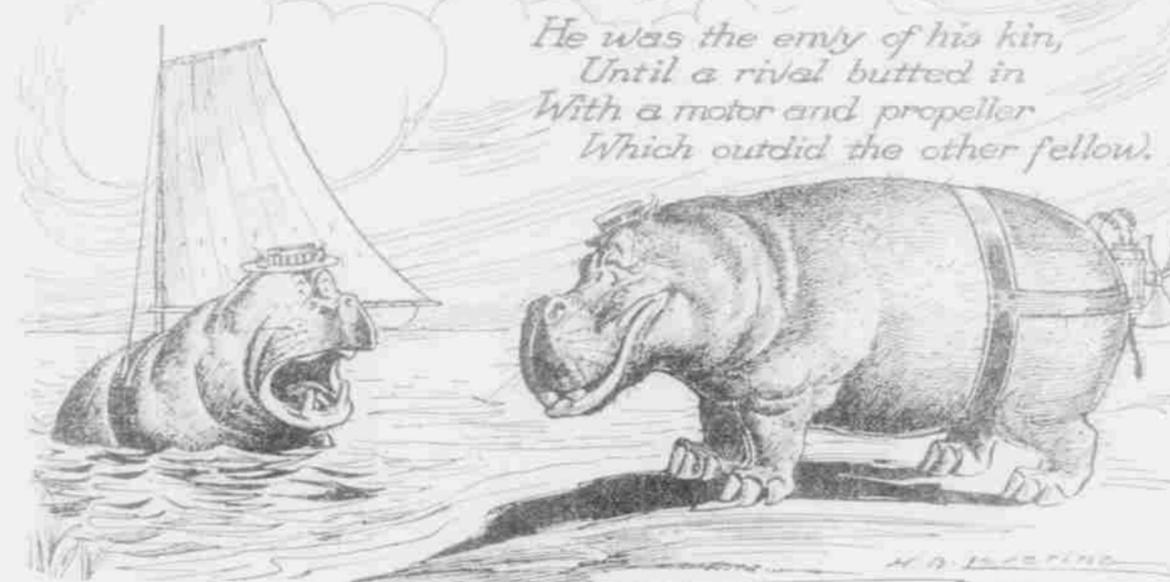
SO I have found the bestest joy For any really clever boy. I first to start, then to run Outside and take his well earned fun With other fellows.

FOR playing isn't really play When one does nothing else all day;

I study first for that's my plan And then I trifle all I can! Now you just try it!

RIVALS

A lazy hippo found a way To navigate across the bay With sail erected on his back He traveled like a fishing smack.



He was the envy of his kin, Until a rival butted in With a motor and propeller Which outdid the other fellow.

When Royalty Rides

FOR the Queen out for her ride! And it's for the horses and the outrider in front. It's a royal occasion and a noble equipping.

Show how the peasants by the roadside bow to their Queen and say how the fiery steeds prance and show off through well aware who is driving them. Notice, also, the outrider, a desperate dashing fellow who sits his charge like a soldier and looks nerve and brave as he—sucks on his all-day-sucker."

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So the royal ride that afternoon had to be taken accompanied by the all-day-sucker.

Robert and Edward tried to reason with him, they pointed out that they were willing to be the horses—four horses by the way—and have the task of pulling the heavy State coach. And Mabel, who played the part of Queen, called Tommy's attention to the fact that she wasn't actually riding in a ride, roomy State coach, but had to walk on her own chubby legs.

And yet Tommy shook his head all the more determinedly and declared right out flat that he didn't care a bit whether or not outsiders in the cut days had all-day-suckers—he wasn't going to give up his, a nice strawberry one too!

So the royal ride that afternoon had to be taken accompanied by the all-day-sucker.

Robert and Edward round the garden went the gay equipage, with Marion holding every inch a Queen and Edward holding aloft the Queen's Own Standard. Once the "horse" all but ran away and the Queen had to call to her Outrider to stop them. And once, while passing over a big stone in the road, the State coach very nearly upset.

But the grand smash-up came a little later when, alas, Tommy who was prancing ahead as all well-behaved outsiders should caught his foot—excuse me, his horse's foot—in a low-hanging vine and over he tumbled, horse, rider and—all-day-sucker!

It was an awful "spill!"

Robert and Edward quickly laid aside their roles of horses and came to his rescue. They picked him up and set him on his feet. They felt him all over to see that no bones were broken. Horr—horror of horrors—the all-day-sucker couldn't be found! It had disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed it.

And right then and there, you may be sure, the Queen's ride was ended. For him can a Queen ride out in proper style without an outrider? And the outrider won't ride without his all-day-sucker who—well, that just settles it, doesn't it?

PAMPHLETS

Many of your school studies come in small books called Pamphlets. It may interest you to know that the word "Pamphlet" comes from a Greek word "Pamphylla," the name, who compiled a history of the world in 32 little books. Later these booklets were called pamphlets.



Round And Round The Garden Went The Gay Equipage.

as it drew nearer, they could aim more carefully. One great stone hit so hard that a big piece was broken off the side. Then another and another whacked the sides of the bucket till it looked jagged and torn as if it had been through the war.

At last, the biggest boy threw a large flat stone and it landed right in the middle of the bucket.

"Oh dear," gasped the bucket. "I can't get to shore with such a load!"

ONE windy day, a nice brand new bucket felt queasy from a boat onto the lake many, many miles from shore. Coming along, "I went as I slipped down onto the waves."

"Dear me, I'm lousy," exclaimed the bucket as he got his breath. "I was so afraid I'd fall on my side, then I'd swallow so much water I know I would drown in no time!"

Then he straightened himself and looked around. Waves, waves, waves! He had to be seen but waves and the boat disappearing in the distance. So the bucket swelled with pride and with waves and prepared to sail alone on the broad high seas. Up up to the top of each wave it went, and then down, down between.

"I like this so much better than just being fastened on a boat," he said. "This way I am a real boat myself."

Just then along came Mr. Wind. "Oh, Mr. Wind," called the bucket as soon as he spied him. "Come over and give me a push. I want to sail to shore."

"I'd be glad to help you," replied the wind, "but surely you don't want to go to shore. You'll get all broken pieces before you land."

"Oh, no, I won't," said the bucket, hopefully. "I am a very good sailor and I know how to land on the shore. I have never done it, but I'm very sure I can."

"Alright," said the wind good naturedly, "here you go!" And he blew and blew with all his might. The white-capped waves tossed and tumbled and the bright new bucket sailed towards the shore.

Along the beach in a park by the lake, some boys were throwing stones and playing in the sand.

"Look out there," cried one. "There's a bucket coming in to shore!"

"Let's see if we can hit it," said the stone.

So they gathered up stones and threw towards the gay new bucket. "I'm doing down!" Please, Mr. Wind, blow me back to the center of the lake."

"I'm sorry, but it's too late. I can't blow you with such a load as that other."

So they gathered up stones and threw towards the gay new bucket bottom of the lake.

"Moral: What we want most is not always what is best for us."

"Will it please you, O King, to meet Miss Dot? She was chosen to me how we paddle our own boats."

"Two mermaids helped her to light. She had never seen anything so beautiful. Their pale skin and their long hair were dazzling."

"Come with me," Dot said in mystery tones, as they waded into the blue water. They swam toward a blue shark.

"Ouch! Ach! Ach!" cried Dot in pain.

"Just like some persons' last birth, the teeth, but of course, you must know your place. Here is Mr. Weakfish. He is not so courageous, but he has courage. Come with me, Dot, and we will go to the sea."

"How you mischievous! There is a shark!"

"Dot, follow me, follow me along."

"Go away, Dot, you make me homesick for my mother. Don't take me home."

"I am not here now to much to contend with you, so I will go to the sea again. I will go to the sea again."

"Good-bye," said Dot, "I am homesick for my mother."

"All aboard!" cried the Two Sea Serpents Cried.

"Who comes to visit our king?"

"Our audience depends upon you," said the King of the Fish. "It is the tallest one. If you are happy then we are successful. Our mission is to make others happy, but there are others."

"The ones that live at the bottom of the sea."

"Oh how I should like to pay them a visit!"

"Would you, really?" said the serpent.

"Well," he responded, "you which as had under the sun. I have one more thing to say so sit on me and we will take a dive, and see Neptune."

"The seas out of bed in a jiffy, and we sat on the fish's back."

"But,等等, who is Neptune? Is he a fish like you?"